

So, when the Soul finds here no true content,,
And, like NOAH'S dove, can no sure
footing take; She doth return from
whence She first was sent,
And flies to Him, that first her wings did
make !

Wit seeking Truth, from Cause to Cause
ascends ; And never rests, till It the
First attain ! Will seeking Good, finds
many middle Ends, But never stays,
till It the Last do gain !

Now, GOD, the Truth ! and First of Causes is!
GOD is the Last Good End! which
lasteth still: Being *Alpha* and *Omega*
named for this, *Alpha*, to Wit! *Omega* to
the Will!

Since then, her heavenly kind She doth
bewray,, In that to GOD, She doth
directly move: And on no mortal
thing can make her stay; She cannot
be from hence, but from *above* !

And yet this First True Cause and Last
Good End, She cannot hear so *well*, and
truly see! For this perfection, She must
yet attend, Till to her Maker, She
espoused be !

As a King's daughter, being In person
sought Of divers Princes, which do
neighbour near; On none of them can
fix a constant thought, Though she
to all do lend a gentle ear.

Yet can she love a foreign Emperor !
Whom, of great worth and power, she
hears to be; If she be wooed but by
Ambassador; Or but his letters, or his
picture see !

For well she knows, that when she shall be
brought Into the kingdom, where her
Spouse doth reign ; Her eyes shall see
what she conceived in thought, Himself!
his State ! his glory ! and his tram !